

Wrong Number by **TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)**

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Summary:

A modern AU fic where Mike accidentally texts Eleven something he only meant for Lucas to know...

Wrong Number

So when are you going to tell her?

Mike stared down at the message from Lucas, the buzz from his phone snapping him away from his previous activities.

He was sitting on his couch in the basement, El right beside him and Lucas by the D&D table across the room. The three were watching Will and Dustin play each other on Mario Kart, but Mike wasn't good at staying focused, especially with El laughing and smiling right next to him.

Of course his eyes gradually turned towards her, he couldn't help it. El was the light of the room for him, everything seemed to revolve around her. It was like gravity how his attention always seemed to navigate her way.

That was until he heard the buzz from beside him and the vibration against his leg, snapping him out of his Eleven-induced daze. His eyebrows furrowed at the text before he typed out his response.

What do you mean?

His phone was silent for a moment before he heard the familiar ring. Mike snatched his phone up from beside him, but nearly choked at what he saw.

When are you going to tell El you love her?

Mike coughed furiously, the spit in the back of his throat strangling him. He stared up at the smirking Lucas across the room, shaking his head as fast as he could and praying his blush wasn't noticeable, even though he was cherry red.

He frantically typed out another message to him, refusing to let Lucas believe such a lie! El was his friend! He didn't love her! At least, Mike *thought* he didn't. Yeah, he stared at her a lot and thought she was possibly a human incarnation of the sun itself, but that didn't mean he *loved* her.

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Mike tried to will his blush away until he heard his phone ring with a response.

I'm sure. When are you telling her?

Deciding to ignore the message, Mike rolled his eyes and averted his attention to the game. Dustin was winning, but Will was barely behind him, it was still anyone's game.

Mike

Mike

Mike

After several annoying buzzes in a row, Mike looked down at his phone and groaned. He was about to respond when he got a message from El.

Why is Lucas looking at you like that?

He contemplated making up some lie or excuse to explain it, but decided against so.

It's nothing. He's just trying to bother me about something.

El didn't question him any further, and Mike looked up to scowl at Lucas across the room, trying to communicate with his face to shut up and stop it. Lucas grinned in response, loving how wound up Mike got when teased, which only seemed to annoy Mike more.

Rolling his eyes and with his heart thumping wildly in his chest, he typed out a message and slammed send.

*Just because I'm in love with El doesn't mean I have to tell her, okay?!
Just drop it!*

He looked back up to see Lucas's reaction to the message. He waited one moment, then another, but Lucas never looked down at his phone. Then, the noise like a bomb going off in his ears, Mike heard

the phone next to him give off a taunting buzz.

Fear washed over his bones, trailing through his veins. He didn't even need to check his phone, he could feel in his heart exactly what had happened. But he couldn't help himself, Mike looked down at his screen, dreading to confirm his suspicions.

He had forgotten to click out of the conversation with El.

He had just sent that text to Eleven.

He just told Eleven he loved her.

The world stopped around Mike, nothing mattered anymore. He didn't notice Will winning the game, or the cheers from El and Lucas, all he could focus on was his heart pounding strong enough to crack one of his ribs, to escape his chest and run away to hide somewhere where he'd never have to face the humiliation.

Luckily El hadn't checked her phone, she was too distracted watching the game. Mike still had a chance to save himself.

"Hey El." Mike jumped up from the couch, talking louder and higher than normal, "Why don't you play Lucas next?"

He turned to Lucas, giving him the most pleading look he could muster and hoping Lucas could see in his eyes how he was begging for him to follow along.

Lucas stood up with a grin, and Mike let out a silent sigh of relief, "Sure. Come on El, I bet I could beat you."

El grinned and nodded her head, then walked over to take the controller from Will. This was Mike's chance.

As soon as she turned her back away from him, Mike lunged towards her phone from the other side of the couch. Luckily she didn't have a password, so he was able to access it easily. He found the messages app and deleted his accidental declaration, his relief letting out a weak laugh as he did. He could almost feel the stress leaving his body, he was in the clear.

“Hey Mike why don't you-”

And the stress came back. His entire body tensed as El and Lucas turned to face him, catching him red-handed and clutching her phone.

“Is that my phone?” El asked him, and the guilt sunk in deeper. She wasn't accusing him of anything, just asking from curiosity. How could he lie to a girl like that?

“Is it? Oh yeah, I guess it is.” Mike attempted to muster a weak laugh to hide his guilt, “I thought it was mine.”

He put her phone back down on the couch, and reached to pick up his own. El watched him for a moment, her eyebrows raised slightly, but decided not to press him on it, turning back to her game.

Filled with guilt for lying and taking her phone, and complete humiliation for being caught, Mike couldn't bear to watch the game. He buried himself in his phone, scrolling through every app he had to make him feel like he was anywhere else.

Eventually the game ended and El returned to her seat on the couch. Mike pretended not to notice her watching him, keeping his eyes glued to his screen so they wouldn't budge and look to meet hers.

She looked away, and for a moment Mike thought he was in the clear, until he got a notification of a message from El.

Why were you on my phone Mike?

No, he couldn't run from it. He couldn't run from *her*. His phone vibrated and she continued.

Friends don't lie.

Now he was really screwed. He already had a hard enough time keeping anything from her, but when she said that Mike knew he didn't have a choice. He took a deep breath before typing back.

I sent you a message that was meant for Lucas and I didn't want you to see it so I deleted it from your phone. I'm sorry.

Minutes went by without a response. Mike went from tapping his foot and fingers to his entire body fidgeting around nervously. Dustin asked him if he wanted to verse him in a game and he yelled out, "No!" then instantly felt guilty for snapping like that. His entire mind was racing. Why wasn't she responding? Why wasn't she responding? Why wasn't she-

His phone buzzed and Mike practically snapped his neck going to check it.

It's okay.

A second went by and another text came through.

What did the message say?

Mike's head bolted back up and he turned to El, his eyes pleading and his face desperate. She stared back for a moment, her expression softening before she whispered, just loud enough for him to hear, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want."

"Thank you," He gulped, hoping she truly understood his gratitude.

She didn't respond, instead averting her eyes and looking in the opposite direction towards the game Will and Lucas were playing. It was then that Mike realized the way her smile had sunk, and her eyes didn't seem to light up as they had before.

Was she upset? Mike didn't consider that possibility. He thought she might be angry with him for deleting the message, but even that he figured would be out of character for her. He never considered the fact that in El's perspective, he was just keeping some secret from her.

Mike and El didn't keep secrets. That was their thing. Mike always told her the truth and didn't hide anything from her, at least, for the most part he didn't. He couldn't help the fact that he was hiding his feelings from her, because how could he be honest about something like that?

El thought he was sharing some secret with Lucas and keeping it from her. Mike's eyes widened with the realization, the guilt from

before came back, only ten thousand times worse. It hit his veins like a tsunami, flooding his body in waves of heart-wrenching regret.

No wonder El wasn't mad at him, instead it was worse. Mike could handle it if she was angry, he could apologize and make it up to her and beg for forgiveness, but he didn't know how to handle the overwhelming sadness and disappointment and self-disgust that came from the fact that the girl he loved was hurt, and it was all thanks to him.

He was in a corner. He couldn't tell El his feelings, but he couldn't *not* tell her. If the choice was between hurting El or humiliating himself, he'd do whatever it took to make sure she knew he wasn't keeping any secrets from her.

He typed out another message, taking a deep breath as he went. His finger hovered over the send button, was he really about to do this? Was he sure this was the right decision? It could go horribly wrong, it could blow up in his face in thousands of ways, and he had no idea how El would react.

But still, he'd rather it backfire on him in the worst possible ways if it meant he didn't have to look over and see El, feeling hurt and ignored, for another moment. Mike attempted to slap some confidence into himself, and slammed his finger down on the send button before any of his impulse control came through.

I was telling Lucas that I love you.